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YOGI BEAR

YOGI BEAR

NO. 10
MAR.
CDC

20¢



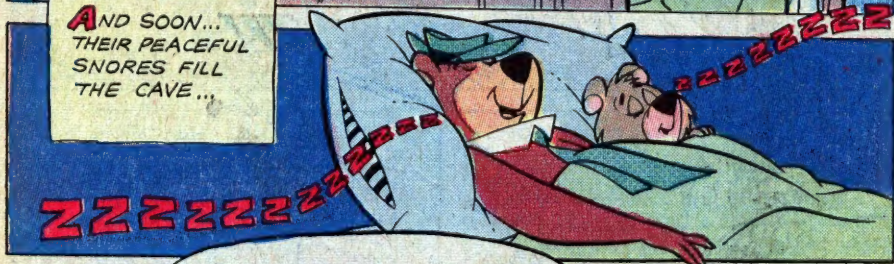
RAY DIRGO

00750

YOGI BEAR *in* THE SLEEPWALKER



AND SOON...
THEIR PEACEFUL
SNORES FILL
THE CAVE...



I MAY BE WRONG...BUT IT
SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE IS
EATING MY CRACKERS!



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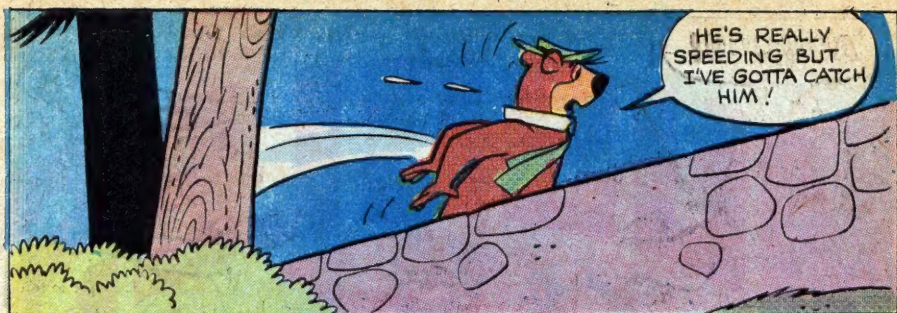
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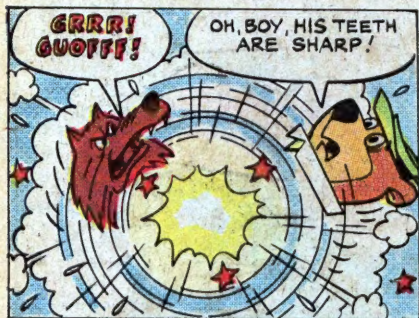


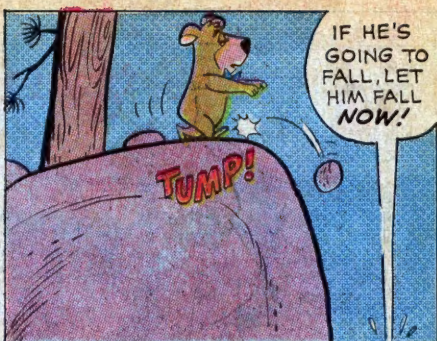


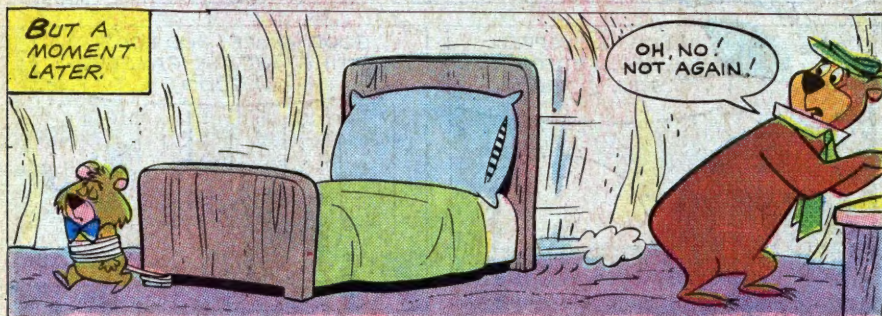


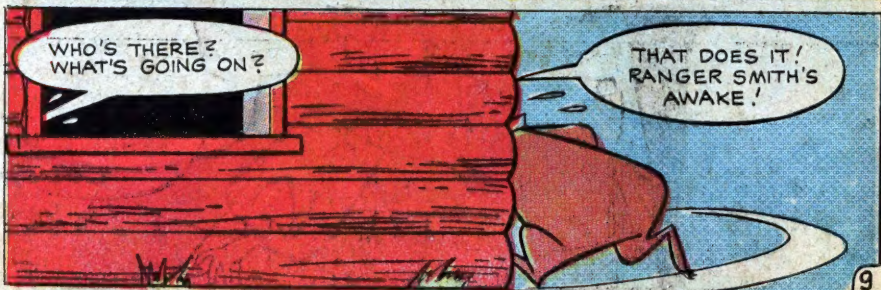
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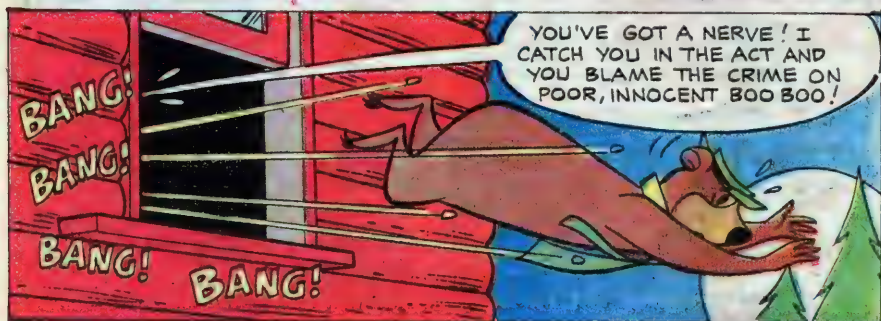
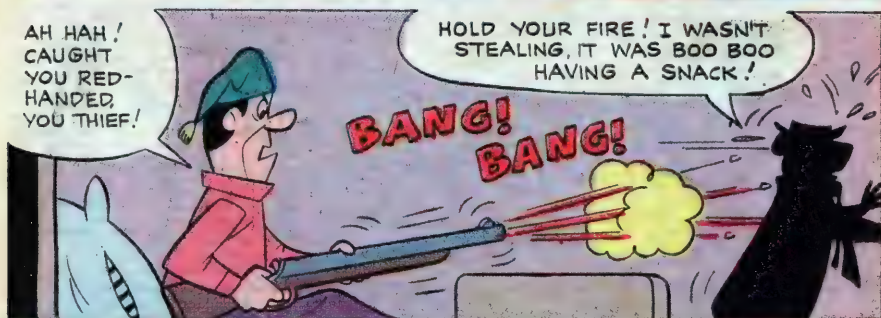
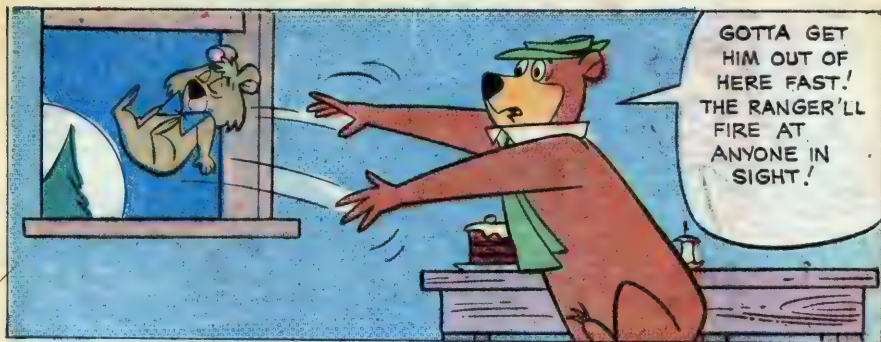


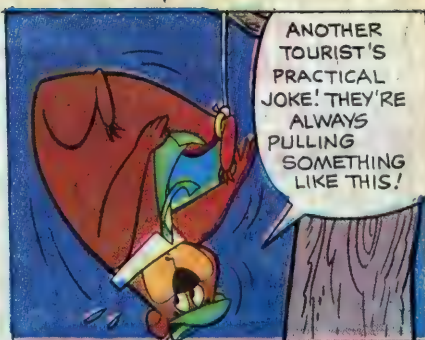












YOGI BEAR in WISE GUY

OH TO LIVE AROUND PICNIC
GOODIES ALL DAY LONG!



I JUST GOT
THROUGH EATING
SOME GOODIES.

YOU
DID!



I FOUND
A CANDY
CANE FOR
DESSERT!



GIVE ME SOME!

NOPE, YOU
DIDN'T GIVE
ME ANY OF
YOURS!



THERE, I
JUST CAN'T
STAND A
WISE GUY!



BONERS, MOANERS, AND GROANERS!

Once a week my students had a twenty minute free time period. They could do whatever they wanted. Provided, of course, that they didn't try to see if they could fly out of the window. My class was on the fourth floor. The class president was in charge of that period. It was understood that I would not interfere unless in an emergency. Once such an emergency took place, when Peter was angry with Jack and decided to change the color of his right eye.

Class President that spring term was Margaret Selley. She went to the board and wrote: "Moosical Kwizz." That was enough for me. Because once a week they had a music appreciation lesson. Given by Mrs. Dompson who was - and perhaps if she still is alive - an old maid.

"What is a Shubert?" asked Margaret as she came up to my desk and faced the class.

"You mean who is Shubert?" corrected Jane without even raising her hand.

"I neither stand nor sit corrected," said the class President with firmness in her voice. "What is a Shubert? Who knows?"

Joseph raised his hand. With a big smile on his face. So he gave the answer:

"A Shubert is something like ices. I remember I once ate it. But I can't remember where. I think this Shubert had a strawberry flavor. It is named after the famous musician, Franz Schubert who was born in 1797 and died in 1828."

No use of my trying to correct him and tell him that it was a sherbet and had nothing to do with the musician.

"Who knows a song written by Franz Schubert?" continued Margaret.

"I do," said Helen. "It is called: 'Who is Sylvia?' My aunt promised me five dollars if I can learn to play it properly on our piano."

Then Frank raised his hand. Something he wanted to know. Margaret told him he could speak.

"Well, just who is Sylvia? Why should Mr. Schubert want to write a song with her name in it?"

"Gee, I don't know," sighed Helen. "I know that I am Helen. But I don't know who she is."

"I know who she is," half shouted Jimmy. "A man by the name of Shake-a-spear wrote something about her. That's all I can tell you."

By this time I wished that my old music teacher, Mr. Tensin were in the room. Then Mary - Anne arose from her seat. One look at her face and it was quite evident she felt she had the answer.

"I know who Sylvia is. Her full name is Sylvia Sandowski. She and her parents came to our city from Chicago. She goes to P. S. 36. I was invited to her birthday party during the summer. I

like the cookies her mother baked."

Mrs. Dompson had told them that there was a song called, "To Be Sung on the Water", also written by Franz Schubert. But that was all she told them. So Danny raised his hand about the title of this song.

"Does that mean that you have to go on a boat and then sing the song? Can you legally sing it on land? Would they arrest you if you did this? If you took a glass of water, held it in your hand, and then sang the song, would it be o.k.?"

Danny looked at me. I pointed to the Class President. I had nothing to do with this period.

"I once went on a ferry across the river," replied Margaret. "A ferry is a boat. They had three musicians on the ferry. They played songs. You gave them coins. They had a cup. But no monkey to hold the cup. Next time I go on that ferry I will ask them if they can play that song. Then I will give you the correct answer."

Clever little girl! Sylvia should have at least come back in ghost fashion and told us just who she really was. Then Margaret asked this musical question: "Why did they call it the Unfinished Symphony?" Students looked at each other as though they were bewildered.

"There must be a reason for that title," insisted the class President. "I will personally bring an extra slice of my mother's apple pie to class tomorrow and give it to the one who knows the answer."

In all fairness to Tommy, he had the lowest average in the class. He had a good heart but no brains. He raised his hand and proudly announced:

"Because it was unfinished. That's an easy one to answer. I want the pie."

"And you get it," she told him. "100% correct. Even Mr. Schubert would be proud of you."

So the whole class cheered Tommy. After all, it must have been the first time in his life that he had hit the jackpot. From that day on, he was a much better student. The bell was about to ring. And then I spoke to the class.

"I have some recordings of Schubert's music at home. I can bring them tomorrow and you will have the chance to listen to them during the seventh period. I will borrow the record player from Mrs. Thomas. What do you say?"

"No, a thousand times no," they shouted in a powerful chorus. "The seventh period tomorrow is when our class plays ball with Mrs. Donnelly's class."

I am certain that the spirit of Mr. Schubert wasn't hurt by that remark. For in life there is a time for music. And a time for other things. And now the time had come to do our spelling lesson. Until we meet again.

Yogi BEAR in Christmas is Coming

RANGER SMITH IS GOING TO BE MAD WHEN HE FINDS OUT YOU CUT DOWN THAT YOUNG PINE TREE!

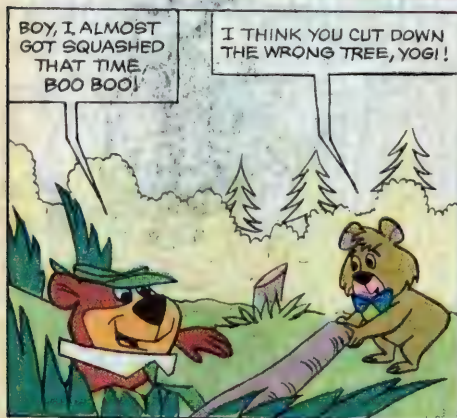
EVERYBODY HAS TO HAVE A CHRISTMAS TREE, BOO BOO! BESIDES, THERE ARE PLENTY OF TREES!

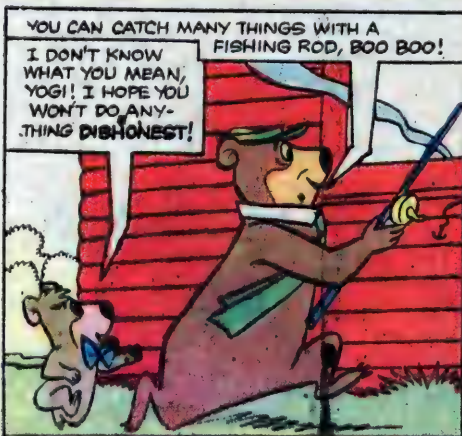


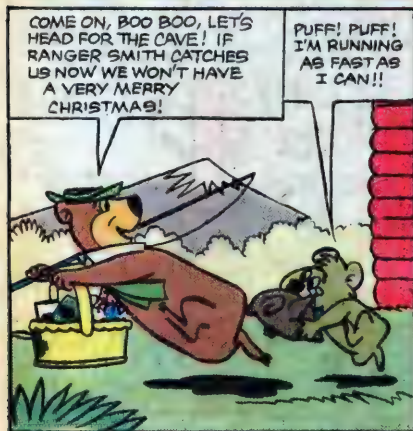
LOOK OUT, YOGI !!

DON'T BOTHER ME WHEN I'M WORKING, BOO BOO!









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I'D LIKE TO SEE MR. SMITH'S FACE WHEN HE FINDS OUT WE SWIPED HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER. HE'LL BE MAD BUT HE COULDN'T FOLLOW US IN HERE IN AN ARMY TANK!

FOR SOME REASON I'M STILL SC-SCARED!



THAT'S A SWELL TREE, YOGI!

AREN'T YOU GLAD I GOT IT FOR US NOW, BOO BOO?



AND LATER...

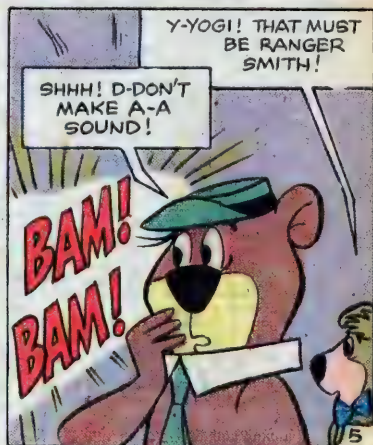
THE TREES FINISHED! LET'S HAVE DINNER! ALL THAT WORK GAVE ME AN APPETITE!

ME, TOO, YOGI! ALL THAT RUNNING AROUND MADE ME HUNGRY!



THIS IS THE BEST CHRISTMAS DINNER I EVER HAD IN MY LIFE!!

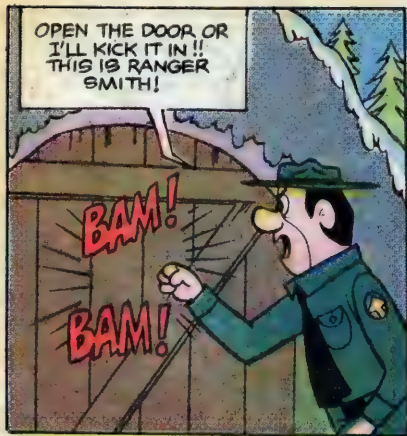
IT CERTAINLY IS, YOGI! I'M NOT EVEN AFRAID ANY MORE!



Y-YOGI! THAT MUST BE RANGER SMITH!

SHHH! D-DON'T MAKE A-A SOUND!

**BAM!
BAM!**



OPEN THE DOOR OR
I'LL KICK IT IN!!
THIS IS RANGER
SMITH!



WHAT'S THE IDEA
OF AWAKENING TWO
INNOCENT BEARS
TAKING THEIR
WINTER NAP?

SOMEONE STOLE MY
CHRISTMAS DINNER
AND I'VE GOT A PRETTY
GOOD IDEA WHO DID
IT! **OPEN THAT
DOOR!!**



WELL, IT WASN'T US! WE'VE BEEN
ASLEEP SINCE NOVEMBER UNTIL
YOU WOKE US UP JUST NOW!

I DON'T BELIEVE
IT! OPEN THAT
DOOR IN THE
NAME OF THE
LAW!

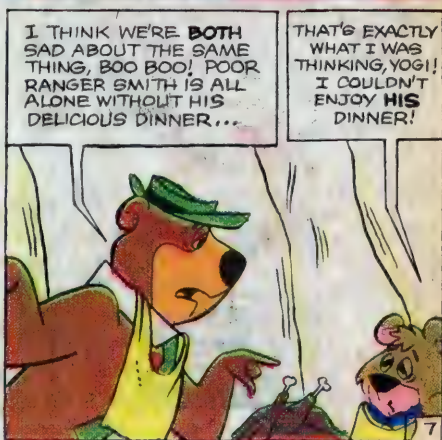
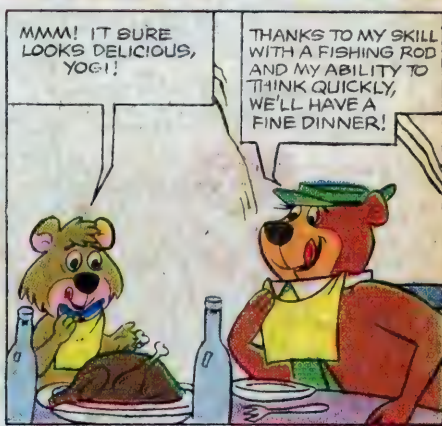


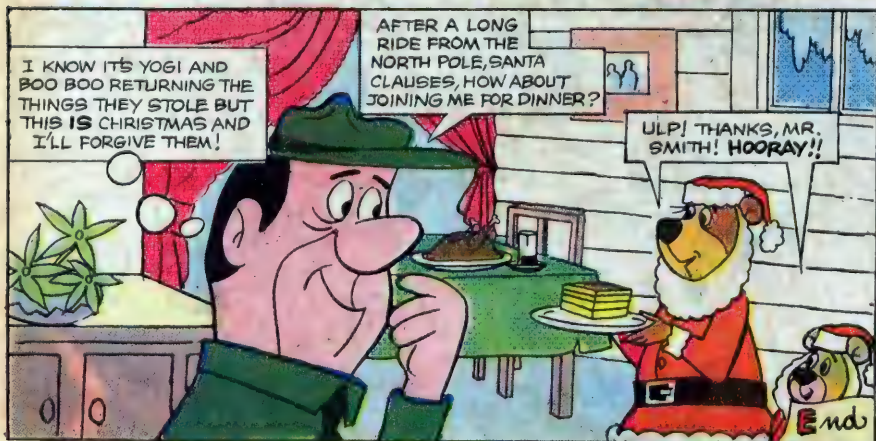
THIS IS POLICE BRUTALITY!
ME AND BOO BOO WILL
COMPLAIN ABOUT YOU
TO THE PARK
SUPERINTENDENT!

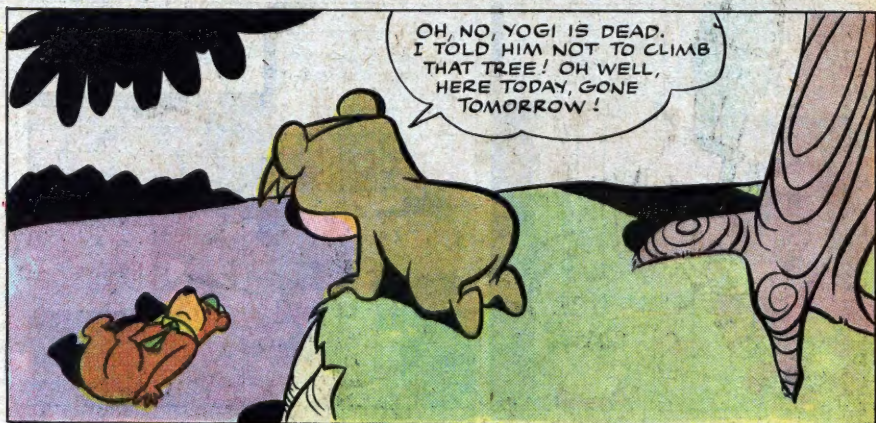
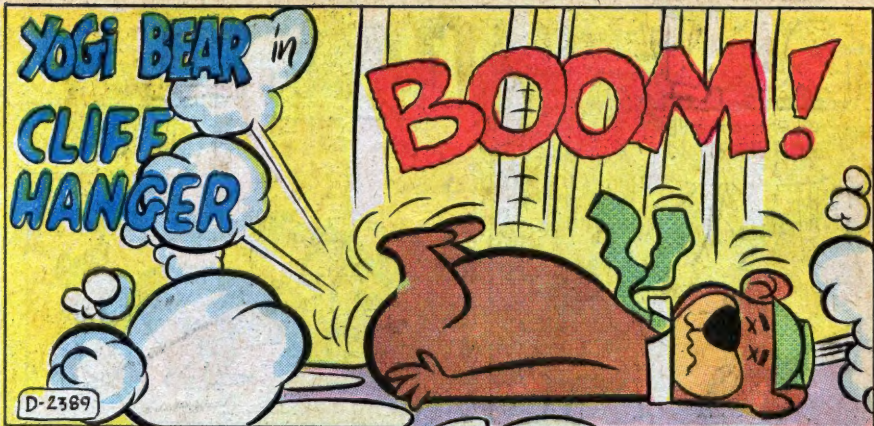
THAT'S
TELLING
HIM,
YOGI!



GRRR!! THAT DUMB BEAR
MIGHT PULL SOMETHING
LIKE THAT! HE MIGHT EVEN
GET ME FIRED!



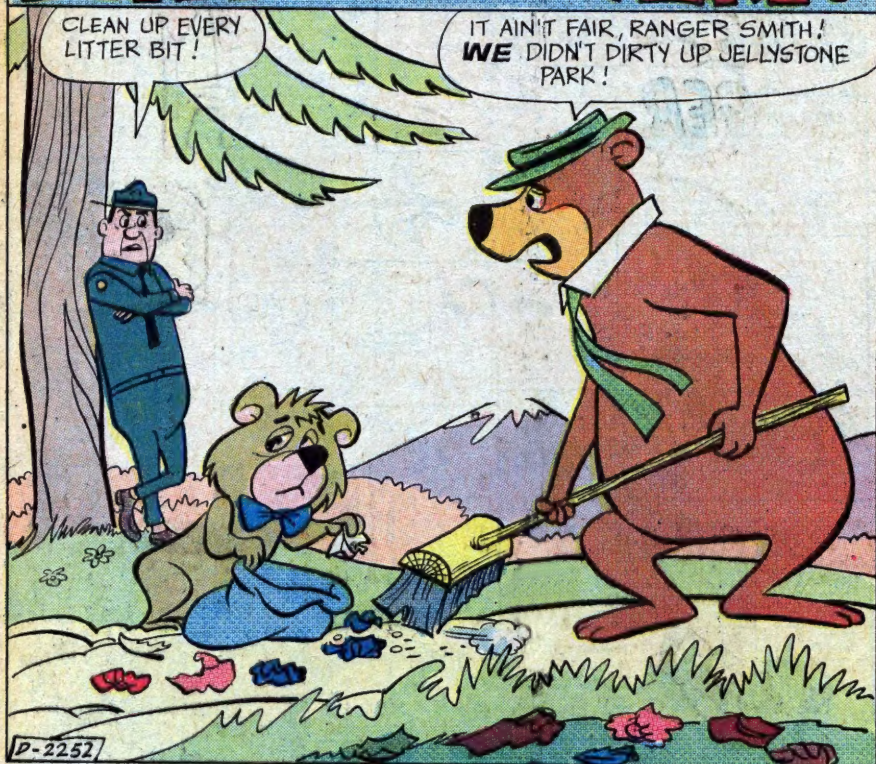




DON'T LITTER HERE!

CLEAN UP EVERY
LITTER BIT!

IT AIN'T FAIR, RANGER SMITH!
WE DIDN'T DIRTY UP JELLYSTONE
PARK!



I'M GOING TO HOLD
YOU TWO PERSONALLY
RESPONSIBLE FOR
KEEPING JELLYSTONE
PARK CLEAN!

WE'LL
DO OUR
BEST,
SIR!



WHEN!!
ANYWAY,
IT'S CLEAN,
BOO BOO!

**LOOK,
YOGI!**



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